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OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR

Late Senior Member and Former President,

THE HON. JAMES SAVAGE, LL.D.,

March 13, 1873.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.
1873.

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At a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on the evening of the 13th of March, 1873, at the house of their associate, R. M. Mason, Esq.; the President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen of the Massachusetts Historical Society:

We have so recently been called to attend the funeral of our late venerable Senior Member and former President, the Hon. James Savage, that it is only as a matter for record that his death, on Saturday, the 8th inst., requires any formal announcement to the Society this evening. I need hardly say that we cannot consider it a subject for the expression of sorrow. Even those nearest and dearest to him, who have so tenderly watched over him in his infirmities, during the last eight or nine years, must have abundant consolation for their bereavement. We may all, indeed, have found cause for satisfaction and gratitude, as we learned that, in the good providence of God, our aged friend was at length happily released from the burdens of the flesh, and of the spirit, which have weighed upon him so heavily since he had come to fourscore years.

Yet none of us, I am sure, can see his name disappearing at last from the very top of our living roll, altogether without emotion; and, certainly, not without pausing to pay a more

than common tribute of respect and affection to his memory. Quite apart from all the personal qualities and associations which had endeared him to us so warmly, we cannot forget that the removal of his name from our roll has sundered the last link between our Society of this generation and that little company of Historical Students and lovers of antiquity in which it originated more than eighty years ago. We have, it is true, still in our ranks, and we rejoice to remember that it is so, more than one of those who have seen as many years of human life as our departed friend. But there is no one now left, among our existing members, whose relation to our Society commenced within a quarter of a century of the date of his election; no one, who witnessed the small beginnings of our work, or who was associated, as he was, with any of those by whom that work was originally organized.

Mr. Savage was chosen a member of this Society on the 28th of January, 1813. He had thus been a member for a little more than sixty years, — a longer term than any on our records, as I believe, except that of the late venerable Josiah Quincy, who had completed his sixty-eighth year of continuous membership, when he died, in 1864, at ninety-two years of age.

When Mr. Savage was elected, Dr. Jeremy Belknap, our honored founder; Governor Sullivan, our first President; the Rev. Dr. Thacher, and the Hon. George Richards Minot, were, indeed, no more. But the Rev. Dr. Eliot, the Rev. Dr. Freeman, the Hon. William Tudor, Thomas Wallcut, Esq., the Hon. James Winthrop, and the Hon. William Baylies, — six of our Decemvirs, — six of the ten whose election dates back to the 24th of January, 1791, and who on that day met together and organized the Society, — were still living and active members. With them, when Mr. Savage was elected, were associated, among others, Governor Gore, then the President of the Society; Judge Davis, and Lieutenant-Governor Winthrop, who succeeded him in that office; Dr. Manasseh Cutler,

who, twenty years before, had led the way of the pioneer emigrants to the Ohio River; Dr. Thaddeus Mason Harris, Dr. Prince and Dr. Bentley, of Salem; Dr. Homer, of Newton; Dr. Morse, the Geographer; Dr. Abiel Holmes, the Annalist; John Adams, Caleb Strong, Alden Bradford, Professors Peck and McKean, President Kirkland, and Dr. Pierce, — besides Josiah Quincy and John Quincy Adams, whose membership, — to a few of us, at least, — is something more than a tradition.

Mr. Savage was but twenty-nine years of age, when he became associated with these men in our ranks; and as no professional or public duties ever took him far away from his native place, for any considerable length of time, his services to our Society, and his attendance at its meetings, were in the way of being, and unquestionably were, more prolonged, continuous, and constant, than those of any other member, from its foundation.

Accordingly, we find him Librarian, from 1814 to 1818; a member of the Publishing Committee of five several volumes of our Collections, in 1815, 1816, 1819, 1823, and 1825; Treasurer from 1820 to 1839; a member of the Standing Committee from 1818 to 1820, and from 1835 to 1841; and the President of the Society from 1841 to 1855. Having then passed the term of threescore years and ten, he claimed, as he certainly had a right to claim, an honorable dismission from the routine of official duty.

It seems but yesterday, that I succeeded him in this chair, at the close of our Annual Meeting, on the 12th of April, 1855, when, on motion of our late accomplished associate, Mr. Ticknor, it was unanimously resolved, " That the members of this Society, — mindful of the excellent services which, for fourteen years, the Hon. James Savage has rendered as its President, and of his peculiar fitness for that place, not only on all other grounds, but from his extraordinarily accurate knowledge of whatever relates to the early history of New

England, — do now express their great regret at his resignation, and offer him their thanks for his long-tried and uniform fidelity to their interests." It seems but yesterday, that, in taking the seat which he had so held and honored, I was speaking of that fulness of information, that richness of reminiscence, that raciness of remark and repartee, which had so often given the highest relish to our monthly meetings, which was then to be lost to the chair; — and which is now lost to us for ever. Eighteen years have since passed away, during the first half of which he continued to be one of our most punctual and assiduous members, ever entering our rooms with that eager, animated, joyous look, which betokened that he felt as much pleasure as he imparted. Since then, for us, all has been silence.

Was I not right, Gentlemen, in suggesting that, while his name remained at the head of our roll, even though it were only a name, or even but the shadow of a name, we seemed to have a living tie to the old traditions, the old worthies, and the old workers and organizers, of our Society, which is now finally sundered? Certainly, his death at this moment, — just as we are about entering on the occupation of our reconstructed Halls, — seems to conspire most impressively with that event, in marking still a new departure for our Society, still another era in its history, when the responsibilities for its future usefulness and honor are to be unshared with even one of those who had been witnesses, or partakers in any way, of its early experiences and its narrower fortunes. Certainly, it seems to call upon us, — as we enter on that era, with nothing left of the Founders and their early associates and followers except their inspiring memory and example, — for a warmer interest in the welfare of the Institution which they so loved and honored, and for a deeper devotion to the work for which they established it.

The most interesting and valuable contributions, which were made by Mr. Savage to our own published volumes, were un-

doubtedly his "Gleanings for New England History," prepared by him immediately on his return from a summer visit to England in 1842, and which were followed by "More," and "More Gleanings," not long afterwards.

But the great historical labors of his life, his two Editions and Annotations of "Winthrop's History of New England from 1630 to 1649," and his wonderful Genealogical Dictionary of New England, were hardly less in our service than if they had formed a part of our own Collections. If a new edition of the Winthrop, certainly, should ever be demanded, it might well be placed side by side with the Bradford, and under the care of the same hand, among the publications of this Society, and it would be a fit monument to the memory of our departed friend.

I am aware, however, Gentlemen, that we are all thinking at this moment much more of the man we have lost, than of his services to our Society, or of his work in the cause of New England History, which can never be lost. He comes back to many of us, to-night, as he was twenty years ago, in the old Pilgrim Chair, before the old Provincial Desk, in the old dusty rooms of our Society, — before the name of Thomas Dowse had been breathed among us; or, certainly, before his benefactions, by the marvellous alchemy of good George Livermore, had transmuted all that belonged to us into something more precious than gold.

He was at that day, — and with those surroundings, — the perfect impersonation of an Antiquary, in form and feature, in speech and in spirit. He had few or none of the smoothnesses and roundnesses of conventional life; and though he did not affect or cultivate singularity, he by no means scorned that part of his nature which rendered him singular. He would be called, in common parlance, — and he has often been called, — a man of strong and even intense prejudices. Yet I think he never prejudged any thing or anybody. It was only when he had known any person in society, or had studied any person

or any passage in history, that he conceived opinions which nothing could change, and which clung to him, and he to them, ever afterwards. His impulsive and even explosive utterances of such opinions were never to be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Still less could any one ever forget his exuberant exultations, when his searches and researches were rewarded, by verifying some disputed date, or discovering some historical fact, or by lighting upon some lost historical manuscript. He rejoiced, as the Psalmist describes it, "as one that findeth great spoil." His "Eureka" had all the elation and ecstasy of that of the old philosopher of Syracuse.

He was eminently a character, even for a Tale or a Drama. His marked peculiarities would have given a vivid interest to any story, and his racy utterances would have enlivened any dialogue. If he had chanced to have been one of the neighbors of Sir Walter Scott, he could never have escaped the fate, let me rather say the felicity, which befell so many of those neighbors, of figuring in one of the Waverley Novels.

I remember that Thackeray once passed an evening with him at my own house, at a meeting of the old Wednesday Night Club of 1770, of which he was so long a member. When I met Thackeray afterwards, his immediate remark was, "I want to see that quaint, charming, old Mr. Savage again."

In a conversation with Walter Savage Landor, then eighty years old, at his own villa in Florence, in 1860, he greeted me by saying, "I know all about your family and the old Founder of New England;" and then he forthwith went on to speak of the Savage family, whose name he bore, including the old Earl of Rivers and our James Savage, of Boston, whose edition of Winthrop he had evidently seen. There were occasional scintillations and coruscations exhibited in common by Landor himself and by our departed friend, which might have indicated an affinity or consanguinity, even after the genealogists had failed to trace them.

If there was anybody whom the late Lord Braybrooke, the editor of Pepys, or Dr. Bliss, the editor of Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, or Joseph Romilly, the late Registrar of old Cambridge, or Joseph Hunter, the Antiquary *par excellence* of Her Majesty's Record Office, remembered and valued in America, it was Mr. Savage. He had corresponded with them all, and had known them all personally, while he was visiting England.

To come nearer home, I may not forget that I rarely if ever met, after a longer or a shorter absence, my late lamented friend, John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore, who had as keen a relish and as quick an appreciation of wit and of wisdom as Thackeray or even Sydney Smith, that it was not his second exclamation, if not his first, "How is our old friend Savage? Is he as earnest, and humorous, and funny as ever?"

I may be pardoned for remembering, too, that it was from a member of this Society, elected eight years after him, but who died in early manhood, forty years before him, who sympathized with him in all his pursuits, and aided him in many of his researches and labors, and was unto him for many years almost as a brother, as he was to myself an own brother, — the late James Bowdoin,* — that I first learned to appreciate the sterling qualities of our friend's mind and character; his minute exactness; his untiring perseverance; his inexhaustible patience of research; his mingled impetuosity and tenderness; his sympathy with the sufferings of others, and his brave endurance of his own.

But I must not forget how many there are around me who have known him longer and better than myself, and who will more than supply any deficiencies of my own tribute. I omit, therefore, all notice of the public trusts in the City and in the State, and as a member of the Constitutional Convention of

* The second son of the late Lieutenant-Governor Winthrop, who died in his thirty-ninth year, on the 6th of March, 1833, and of whom a brief Memoir is contained in Vol. IX., 3d Series, of our Collections.

1820, which he discharged so well; all notice of the grand work he did for the community in organizing and presiding over that Provident Institution for Savings, where, for a few years, I was monthly at his side; all notice, too, of the Christian resignation and bravery with which he bore domestic trials, which might have crushed a feebler spirit. Let me only say, in conclusion, that the death of his only son in the late Civil War, — a son of the same name with himself, and who had given every promise of transmitting that name with increased distinction to future generations, — has doubled the obligation which rests upon us, to guard that name from being lost to the records either of patient and successful historic research, or of patriotic and heroic self-sacrifice.*

Mr. Edmund Quincy, from the Standing Committee, then offered the following resolutions: —

Resolved, That the Massachusetts Historical Society, in recording the death of their oldest member and former President, the Hon. James Savage, would add the expression of their grateful sense of his long services as a member and officer of the Society, and of the invaluable contributions to the History of New England, and especially of Massachusetts, which are due to his indomitable industry and conscientious accuracy.

Resolved, That the family of Mr. Savage may be assured that there are none of the inhabitants of this city where his life was passed that can have a more sincere respect and admiration for his character and conduct both in public and private life, or a more warmly cherished recollection of their personal intercourse with him, than the members of this Society.

Resolved, That the President be requested to appoint one of our associates to prepare a Memoir of Mr. Savage for the Proceedings of the Society.

* Lieutenant-Colonel James Savage, Jr., died at Charlottesville, Virginia, Oct. 22, 1862, of wounds received at the battle of Cedar Mountain. He was born April 21, 1832, and graduated at Harvard University with the class of 1854. An interesting Memoir of him may be found in the first volume of "Harvard Memorial Biographies."

Mr. Charles Deane then said: —

Nothing surely need be added, Mr. President, to complete your own full and just tribute to our late Senior Member; yet I cannot resist the opportunity of saying a few words, for the memories which I cherish of Mr. Savage are most pleasant. I shall never forget how cordially he welcomed me when a young man, nearly twenty-five years ago, into this Society, then limited to sixty members. There were fifty-eight names upon the Resident Roll at that time, only eighteen of which now remain. And what a galaxy of brilliant names they were, of which so many have been stricken off by death! Memory recalls the venerable form of Quincy, so long our Senior Member, and of Everett, and Gray, and Prescott, and Webster, and Sparks, and Ticknor, and Choate, and Frothingham, and Shaw, and Young, and others I need not enumerate. The name of Savage is now added to the list of the dead.

Mr. Savage will be remembered as the New England Antiquary by way of eminence. The late Joseph Hunter, as I remember, somewhere draws a distinction — perhaps a fanciful one — between the Antiquary and the Historian. It belongs to the antiquary, he says, to gather up the small facts of history, the fragments of truth, to be a gleaner in the by-ways of the past. Mr. Savage had a peculiar facility for all this. With a persistency and an enthusiasm I never saw surpassed, he would pursue the inquiry into the smallest incidents of history. They were not small to him. He saw that they had a place, and had important relations to other facts.

But Mr. Savage was not merely an antiquary. Like his friend Mr. Hunter, he had many of the higher qualities of an historian. He saw the relations of historical facts to each other, and could trace the principle or law by which nations or communities rise or decay, and opinions change from age to age. The history of New England was all written out on the

tablets of his memory, if he had never written it elsewhere. But his annotations to Winthrop's History are a marvellous embodiment of facts and opinions, which show how thoroughly he understood the subject that he undertook to illustrate.

Gibbon somewhere says of the ecclesiastical historian Tillemont, that his wonderful accuracy almost assumes the character of Genius. Mr. Savage's love of accuracy was never excelled. He always meant to be right; he always felt that he was right; and perhaps few had attained to a higher degree of exactness in investigations kindred to his own. He took nothing upon trust. He felt that here a missing link, as in the chain of circumstantial evidence in weaving its meshes round the criminal, was fatal to the proof.

The discovery of the manuscript of Governor Winthrop's 3d volume of the History of New England, in 1816, in the tower of the Old South Church, was most providential, when we consider into whose hands it was committed, to copy and to illustrate. Mr. Savage was then a young man, but he had been elected a member of this Society three years before. He immediately set about the task of copying and annotating the volume, but he soon determined to prepare a new edition of the whole work, including the two earlier volumes, published at Hartford, in 1790, of which the manuscripts were in the cabinet of this Society. This edition, owing to various circumstances, did not appear till 1825–26. Its publication at that time formed a new era in the history of annotation of our New England chronicles. No other work, it is true, extant among us, relating to our annals, was of equal value; but such as had been published were not annotated. Hubbard's History had been issued by the Society as parts of the Collections, but without notes or illustrations. Judge Davis's edition of Morton's Memorial, copied from the first printed edition of 1669, with full notes by the editor, had been long in course of preparation, and soon followed this edition of Winthrop.

In turning over Mr. Savage's numerous letters to me,

written some fifteen or twenty years ago, when he was engaged on his last great work, his Genealogical Dictionary of New England, — a monument of labor and patience, — I am reminded of the many curious questions in history, genealogy, and bibliography which he was so fond of discussing. There were some points on which we differed, — if I may be pardoned for saying that I ever ventured to differ from him on any subject, — and long discussions, harmless certainly, if not always convincing, sometimes ensued. As an illustration of the thoroughness with which Mr. Savage pursued his investigations, I may be permitted to refer to one instance which came under my own observation. There had been, as is well known, a tradition for many years in the Rogers family in New England, among those descended from the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers of Ipswich, that he was a grandson of the proto-martyr of Queen Mary's reign. There was a link wanting in the chain of evidence. Mr. Savage had no faith in the tradition, which could not be traced beyond the time of Hutchinson. It was, however, warmly cherished by descendants of the Ipswich family; and among the tangible pieces of evidence produced, it was stated that a branch of the family, in a neighboring town, had a copy of the Bible which, according to invariable tradition, once belonged to the martyr himself, — indeed, it was said to be the identical copy which he carried with him to the stake, and that it bore upon its leaves the marks of fire. This was thought to be an overwhelming piece of testimony to the fact that the owners of that Bible were lineal descendants of the martyr. Unfortunately, like most of the ancient Bibles, the title-page which bore the date was gone. This only whetted Mr. Savage's determination the more to ascertain when that book was printed. It bore the monogram of Cawood, a well-known London printer of the 16th century. So a leaf of this memorable scorched relic was procured, and through the intervention of our late member, Mr. Livermore, was sent to Mr. George Offor, an eminent biblical bibliographer, of London,

who diligently compared it with all the known editions of Cawood; and he proved beyond a question that the volume was a copy of the edition of 1561, — *six years after the martyr's death.*

Mr. Savage's well-known tastes and pursuits, and marked qualities of mind, drew around him a large number of attached friends and admirers. Among those whom I have named as members here when I was first elected an associate, was the Rev. Alexander Young, D.D., a thorough antiquary and an exact scholar. He had a great admiration for Mr. Savage, and of every thing he said and did. He once told me that he was accustomed to read over and over again the notes to Winthrop's History, apart from the text. The information he there gleaned, expressed in the quaint and inverted style of the editor, gave him the highest satisfaction and enjoyment; and he always gathered up his odd sayings of wit and wisdom as they fell from his lips, seated, as President of this Society, in the old Governor Winslow chair, and regretted that there was no Boswell to collect and preserve these *Savageana* in a permanent form.

With the kindliest nature and the most delicate sensibilities, Mr. Savage also would have realized Dr. Johnson's idea of a "good hater." He hated Cotton Mather with a deadly hatred. The late Richard Biddle, the author of the Life of Sebastian Cabot, whom he made his hero, relentlessly pursued the memory of Richard Hakluyt, the eminent historical collector, who lived two centuries and a half before him, because he thought that historian had furnished evidence unfairly that John Cabot, the father, and not Sebastian, the son, discovered North America. One would almost as soon think of getting angry with the North Pole for eluding the search of the discoverers.

But Mr. Savage thought that Cotton Mather was a sham; that he was weak and credulous, and worse; and that his historical statements were not to be trusted. He had gathered

up traditionary anecdotes of him which I never saw recorded in print, and which I suppose he believed, because he felt they were so like the subject of them.

I remember reading, when a boy, John Foster's "Essay on Decision of Character," and I felt that the qualities there commended were the highest objects to which a young man could aspire. Mr. Savage was distinguished for this admirable quality of decision and independence of character. It is absolutely refreshing in a community like ours, where few dare to have an opinion before they know what the public think, to see a man form his own independent judgment, and stand by it. There is a great invisible tyrant stalking about the community we call "public opinion," which everybody fears, and nobody dares encounter; which lays down its inexorable laws, and puts its ban on all who resist them. I once asked a man what he thought of a certain public transaction, then of recent occurrence, involving no hard problems to solve. He replied that he was not prepared to give an opinion till he had seen what the newspapers of the following morning had to say. A man who forms his judgment in the clear white light of truth, irrespective of lower considerations which unfortunately bias most minds, stands out before his fellows as a marked man, and by way of contrast challenges respect. He is a tower of strength to the weak and shuffling creatures who dare not call their souls their own. Such a man was Mr. Savage. He sometimes erred, — for to err is human, — but he was always true to himself.

Remarks were also made by Dr. A. P. Peabody, Judge Hoar, and Dr. George E. Ellis.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, all the members rising.

The President appointed Mr. Hillard to prepare the Memoir for the Society's Proceedings.

The following notice of Mr. Savage, from the pen of an associate, the Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD, appeared in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," of March 10, 1873: —

James Savage has passed away from earth after a long life of nearly eighty-nine years, — a life of noble aims and faithful work, marked in every stage by honor, truth, integrity, and courage, and not less marked by warm affections, readiness of sympathy, and a frank sweetness of nature which made everybody that knew him love him. We do not propose at this time to give any extended account of his life and labors, but merely to notice some of those peculiar traits of character for which he will ever be held in such love and honor by his friends.

Mr. Savage's literary labors, as is well known, were given to the early history of New England, wherein in accuracy and extent of knowledge he had no rival. And in his own person he was an illustration of the saying "*abeunt studia in mores*," for his character seemed to have been moulded in a measure on his studies. He was eminently a New England product, and a flavor of the soil was recognized in all his life and acts. He took from the Puritan fathers of New England all that made them admirable, and rejected all that made them unlovable. He had their religious faith, their inflexible sense of duty, their heroic spirit, their purity of life; but he had not their narrowness, their austerity, or their bigotry.

Or we may state what Mr. Savage was in another way. Take an old Roman of the best days of the republic, and upon that stem of manly oak engraft all the sweet charities and benignities of Christianity, and you have him.

He had by his side all through life the two lion virtues of truth and courage. His love of truth was a passion. He detested every form of moral falsehood, and he was hardly less intolerant of every form of intellectual inaccuracy. A wrong

date made him furious. It was amusing to hear the vehemence with which he would denounce an erroneous statement, an omission, or a mistake.

He was as brave as he was true. He was, as all his friends knew, earnest in nature and fervid in speech. He would sometimes, under provocation, break out in tempestuous utterances which startled strangers; but never for this did he lose any man's love or respect. He was as transparent as glass. He had strong prejudices, but he never took pains to conceal them. There was something kindling and inspiring in his manliness and frankness. To be with him was to have the fresh mountain wind blowing on one's face. How delightful it was to see an old man of eighty so warm in feeling, so frank in speech, sometimes saying what self-vigilant prudence would have counselled him to suppress!

> "Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
> He's greater than a king."

But these heroic qualities in Mr. Savage were unaccompanied by sternness or coldness. He was as tender as he was true. Under a vehement and fervid temperament there lay an invincible sweetness. Every warm and generous affection found a place in his heart. As a husband, father, brother, and friend, he was all that duty could prompt or love inspire. He was bounteous in his benefactions, and as unostentatious as he was liberal. He had many claims, and they were always met. His most intimate friends did not suspect how large a portion of his income was given to others.

By the side of his manly virtues there ran a vein of feminine softness. Few women, for instance, were ever so fond of children as he was. In their presence his face was luminous with pleasure. And when, somewhat late in life, the blessing of children was given to him, his joy was like the joy of Rachel when Joseph had been granted to her prayer.

In Mr. Savage's speech, manners, and character, there was something original, peculiar, and striking. There was

nothing formal or conventional about him. He was full of the grace of unexpectedness. His conversation was delightful, not merely from the abundant and accurate knowledge with which it was enriched, but from the rich and quaint humor with which it was seasoned. He said bright and pointed things which were quoted and remembered. He was frank, playful, and simple in speech, as might have been expected from his truthfulness and courage.

His manners were a model of that genuine courtesy which flows from a warm and true heart. Believing in law, order, and degree, he was no respecter of persons. He honored worth wherever he found it; and meanness and insincerity earned his contempt, though gilded with wealth and station.

His declining life was tried with many sorrows. His wife and three children, out of four, preceded him to the tomb. His only son gave up his precious life at the call of patriotic duty. All these trials were borne by him with a touching patience and submission which awakened a feeling of reverence in those who knew how keenly and deeply they were felt.

And his long and noble life was fitly closed. His last few years, though touched with infirmity, were gentle and happy. Encompassed by the most tender and vigilant affection, he calmly awaited the inevitable hour. It came at last, without struggle, without pain. Peacefully, gradually, as the sound of a bell dies upon the air, he passed away. His soul was released by a touch as gentle as that of morning light upon the lids of the sleeper.

His last utterance was characteristic. A few hours before his death, when he had long been silent, a member of his family asked him how he did. Rousing himself, he answered in a faint voice, "Bravely." This word is the key-note of his life. It might be appropriately carved upon his tombstone, for no man ever spoke, thought, acted, lived more bravely than he.

The ensuing brief sketch also appeared in the "Advertiser," of the same date as the above.

Dr. James Savage died at Berkeley House, Saturday morning, March 8, at the age of eighty-eight. He was born in Winter Street, July 13, 1784. He was a descendant of Major Savage, who, in 1663, undertook to erect a barricade in the harbor for the security of the inhabitants against a fleet then expected from Holland, and this barricade grew in less than forty years to Long Wharf. Major Savage is buried in King's Chapel burying-ground. Among his ancestors was the celebrated Ann Hutchinson. His grandfather, Habijah Savage, was a graduate at Harvard College in 1695. He held many civil and military positions. His father was Habijah Savage, a merchant, who married Miss Tudor. In 1795, James Savage received a Franklin medal, and he subsequently continued his education at the Derby Academy, in Hingham, and the Washington Academy at Machias, Maine. He entered Harvard College, and was graduated in 1803. For four years he had been the only survivor of that class, and there are only four older graduates of Harvard College now living. He received his degree of A.M. in 1806, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration in 1812, and the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him in 1841. After the completion of his collegiate course he studied law with Chief-Justice Parker, Samuel Dexter, and William Sullivan, and became a member of the Suffolk bar in 1807. He with others in 1816 originated the Provident Institution for Savings, with which he was connected in an official capacity until the infirmities of old age had impaired his faculties. July 4, 1811, he delivered the oration before the city authorities. In 1820, he was a delegate to the constitutional convention; 1823 and 1825, a member of the common council (but three of his colleagues, one of them the venerable Charles Sprague, are now living); 1826, a State senator; 1827–28, an alderman. He was one of the founders of the Boston Athenæum, and one

of the editors of "The Monthly Anthology," and for many years a contributor to "The North American Review," and to "The New England Magazine." He has been President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and honorary membership of many literary and historical societies at home and abroad has been conferred upon him. Winthrop's "History of New England," with notes and a Genealogical Dictionary of the first settlers of New England, are his literary monuments. He had travelled in Europe and the West Indies. He proved himself during the war the generous, high-minded, and patriotic citizen; but the death of his only son, Colonel James Savage (October 22, 1862), who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Mountain, proved a severe blow. One of the last occasions on which he spoke in public was in 1864, when the death of Jared Sparks was announced to the Massachusetts Historical Society. He leaves one daughter, the wife of Professor William B. Rogers of the Institute of Technology. The Massachusetts Historical Society will attend the funeral in a body at Arlington Street Church to-morrow at two o'clock.

WILL OF JAMES SAVAGE.

I, JAMES SAVAGE, of Boston, Esq., do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, as hereunto follows: —

First. To the President and Fellows of Harvard College I give the sum of forty thousand dollars, the income of which shall be annually applied to the support: first, of one scholarship, wherein the beneficiary may receive not less than two hundred nor more than three hundred dollars in each year; and the surplus income thereof shall be divided to the Library of the University and the Astronomical Observatory, but wholly without regard to arithmetical proportion, on the sole order of the President and Fellows annually, as in their judgment the need of these two departments may in each year severally require, so that the appropriation may, at their sole discretion, in each year, be less or larger than the preceding year; and, further, I give them the power of selecting from my library one hundred volumes of the most curious, rare, or valuable books, to be in their library for ever preserved, with my benediction.

Second: To the Massachusetts Historical Society I give the sum of five thousand dollars, of the income whereof no use shall be made except for increase of said Society's Library, at the discretion of said Society's Standing Committee, who shall annually make report of their doings herein; and, further, I give said Society my collection of coins, medals, and currency, whether of gold, silver, bronze, brass, copper, mixed metals, paper or other materials, with the little cabinet for them designed, now wholly without arrangement, a very small portion only of said collection having been purchased by me more than half a century ago, as I had little leisure for such exacting study; and the aggregate value of this collection may not, I hope, be slighted, inasmuch as much of the best parts of these irrefragable muniments of history were gifts from very competent appraisers, Joseph G. Cogswell and George Ticknor, by them so long since gathered in their travels or residence in Egypt, Spain, Germany, Italy, France, Great Britain,

or elsewhere; and those friends probably foresaw this ultimate destination of their munificence; and, further, I give said Society the right of selecting from my library a hundred volumes, after the selection for the university is made, but with right exclusively in the four volumes of my Genealogical Dictionary of New England, and the two volumes of the later edition of Winthrop's History of New England; further, I make urgent request of said Society to allow neither of these six volumes to be withdrawn from their rooms except in special regard to the object of reprinting either of them in revised editions under the Society's care, because in the margins of the pages of both, and particularly of the dictionary, abundant additions and not a few corrections are inserted.

Third: I give to Elizabeth Stillman, widow of Henry D. Rogers, Queen's Professor at the University of Glasgow, the sum of six thousand dollars, with the picture in imitation of my daughter, Lucy, whose last days she ministered to.

Fourth: I give to the daughters of the late Hon. Luther S. Cushing, grandchildren of my deceased wife, the sum of six thousand dollars, equally to be divided.

Fifth: I give to Rebecca A. Hillard, elder sister of my late wife, the sum of four hundred dollars each year of her natural life, in quarterly payments, that is, one hundred on the first days of February, May, August, and November, or whichever of said months may first occur.

Next: I give to the only child of my well-beloved grandniece, Elizabeth, widow of Rev. Mr. Bucke, deceased, the sum of one thousand dollars.

Next: I give to the infant son of the daughter of my excellent friend, Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, the sum of two thousand dollars, as provision for expense of his education, in three months from my death to be put at interest.

Next: I give the son of my dear friend, Mary E. Josselyn, of Malden, named Arthur Savage, the sum of two thousand dollars, for the education of him at Harvard College, and preparation therefor.

Next: I give ten thousand dollars for scholarships in the institution whereof my son-in-law, William B. Rogers, is President.

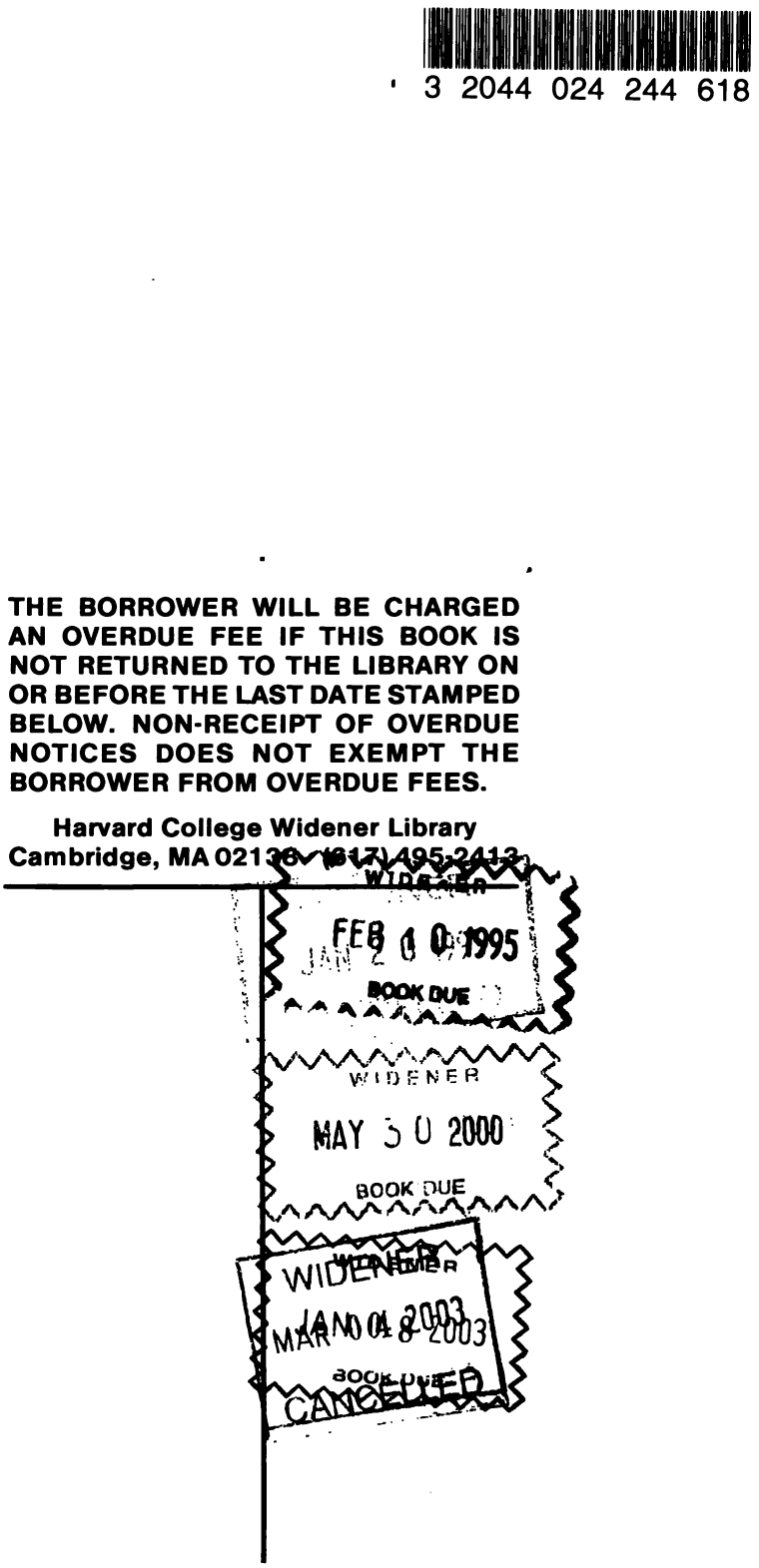
Next: I give to James O. L. Hillard, son of Rebecca, before named, the sum of one thousand dollars for his many services to me.

And lastly: I give and devise all my other property, real and personal to my only daughter, Emma, and her husband, William B. Rogers, for their joint lives, and to the survivor of them for ever, my half-

share in the Boston Pier or Long Wharf, being one-forty-eighth of said wharf, with my warehouse, being No. 19, thereon, otherwise called or known as No. 200 State Street, subject, however, to the payment of four hundred dollars annually to Harriet M., widow of my brother, William Savage, as in his will provided, in equal quarterly payments on April, July, October, and January 1st. Yet, though to the discretion of my said devisees is hereby given the power of retaining my mansion-house in Boston, and my two dwelling-houses at Lunenburg, or either of them, I most earnestly advise that my estate in and upon the Long Wharf be always retained during their lives, because it was most of the property of my father, to him descending as part of that of my grandfather who died more than a century since, coming to him from my great-grandfather, one of the statute corporators, who was grandson of the first comer of our tribe from England, and with other owners of the water lots around the Cove, between North and South batteries, began the island wharves for security against invasion by the Dutch fleet, in 1673, of which several wharves soon became the foundation and corner-stone of our Long Wharf, or Boston Pier; so that this estate, though small, may safely be expected to hold its just value as long as any earthly thing in proportion to the prosperity of my native city. Finally, knowing not of any debt to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, except that to the widow of my brother William, as herein before provided for, I request the Judge of Probate to take from my executors for the faithful execution of their trust, bonds for nominal security only, if in his judgment it may seem consistent with exact fulfilment of his duty and perfect security to all legatees herein named; and, as such executors, I appoint William B. Rogers, my son-in-law, and George Stillman Hillard, nephew of my deceased wife, esquires. Now in witness of all the foregoing, written with my own hand in the eighty-third year of my life, I pronounce and declare this document to be my last will and testament, this twenty-fifth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, in the presence of the witnesses by me selected, who herewith subscribe their names in the presence of each other and of the testator.

PETER WAINWRIGHT.
JOHN REED.
WM. F. CONANT.

JAMES SAVAGE.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